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The American Girl's Song.
Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in her hand,
Our lips breathe out her story;
Her lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us;
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips,
For those who meet with freedom;
For glory's star knows no eclipse,
When smiled upon by women;
For those who brave the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We smile to cheer and tears to weep
For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our songs are for her freedom,
Our prayers are for her gallant band,
Who strike where honor leads them.
We love the untainted air we breathe--
"Tis freedom's holy bow;
We'll twine for him an endless wreath,
Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud daughters,
Of Scotland's lassies, England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannon's waters.
We need not boast their haughty charms,
Though lords around them hover;
Our glory is in freedom arms--
A freeman for a lover.

SERIOUS CHANGE.—A young man of respectable demeanor, was arrested last evening upon a charge of concealing himself under a settie in the house where he boarded, with intent to over-hear conversations between a lady boarding in the same house and a rival of the accused. This, however, is not the worst feature of the charge. For two years has the accused been paying his attentions to the lady, and about a week since, having been slighted by her, to seek his revenge, or for some other purpose, he still being on terms of intimacy, he presented her with a quantity of confectionery, among which was a pound cake heavily sprinkled with "Spanish flies." The lady partook of a portion of the cake and was sickened--the remainder was preserved and is now in possession of the captain of the night guard. We are in possession of full particulars, but await an examination.--*St. Louis Repub.*, 21st.

LOSING A SISTER OR MOTHER.—A robbery occurred, a short time ago, in Sacramento City, and among the articles stolen were a number of miniatures. A few evenings afterward a young man was observed by the policemen to enter the Eldorado, and after losing all his money, he bet a gold ring and a miniature on a card, and the policeman thinking that the miniature might lead to the detection of the thief, arrested the young gentleman, and took charge of the miniature lady, which, by the way, was beautiful. Several gentlemen who came forward next morning to assist the young man out of his difficulty, testified that the miniature was that of an only sister, a lovely girl of sixteen. What will the young lady say when she ascertains that she has been laid on the table, gambled away, afterwards arrested and put in the toms, next morning brought before the Recorder, admired by the members of the bar and after many compliments, finally restored to the unworthy brother.

Wild Cat, the bold and treacherous Indian, who is now on his way to the Rio Grande, is supposed to have with him a number of runaway negroes. The United States Agent for the Seminoles, has accordingly applied to General Brooke, for Captain McCollough's newly raised Company of Texas Rangers, to go in pursuit of the negroes and intercept them before they reached the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

From Dickens' Household Words.

The Gentleman Beggar.

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

One morning, about five years ago, I called, by appointment, on Mr. John Balance, the fashionable pawnbroker, to accompany him to Liverpool in pursuit of a Levanting customer--for Balance, in addition to pawning, does a little business in the sixty per cent. line. It rained in torrents when the cab stopped at the passage which leads past the pawn-boxes to his private room. The cabman rang twice, and at length Balance appeared, looming through the mist and rain in the entry, illuminated by his perpetual cigar. As I eyed him rather impatiently, remembering that trains wait for no man, something like a hairy dog, or a bundle of rags rose up at his feet and barred his passage for a moment. Then Balance cried out with an exclamation, in answer apparently to something I could not hear, "What man alive! slept in the passage! there, take that, and get some breakfast for Heaven's sake!" So saying he jumped into the "Hansom," and we bowled away at ten miles an hour, just catching the express as the doors of the station were closing. My curiosity was full set, for although Balance came to me with his money, it is not exactly to beggars that his generosity is usually displayed; so when comfortably ensconced in a coupe, I finished with--

"You are liberal with your money this morning; pray, how often do you give silver to street cadgers?" because I shall know now what walk to take when flats and sharps leave off buying law."

Balance, who would have made an excellent person if he had not been bred to a case-hardening trade, and has still a soft bit left in his heart that is always fighting with his hard head, did not smile at all, but looked as grim as if squeezing a lemon into his Saturday night's punch. He answered slowly, "A cadger--yes; a beggar--a miserable wretch he is now; but let me tell you, Master David, that that miserable bundle of rags, was born and bred a gentleman; the son of a nobleman, the husband of an heiress, and has sat and dined at tables where you and I, Master David, are only allowed to view the plate by favor of the butler. I have lent him thousands, and been well paid. The last thing I had from him was his court suit; and I hold now his bill for one hundred pounds, that will be paid, I expect, when he dies."

"Why, what nonsense you are talking! you must be dreaming this morning. However, we are alone, I'll light a weed in defiance of railway law, and you shall spin that yarn; for true or untrue, it will fill up the time to Liverpool."

"As for yarn," replied Balance, "the whole story is short enough; and as for truth, that you may easily find out if you like to take the trouble. I thought the poor wretch was dead, and I own it put me out meeting him this morning, for I had a curious dream last night."

"Oh, hang your dreams. Tell us about this gentleman beggar that bleeds you of half-crowns--that melts the heart even of a pawnbroker!"

"Well, then, this beggar is the illegitimate son of the late Marquis of Hoopbrough by a Spanish lady of rank. He received a first rate education, and was brought up in his father's house. At a very early age he obtained an appointment in a public office, was presented by the Marquis at court, and received into the first society, where his handsome person and agreeable manners made him a great favorite. Soon after coming of age, he married the daughter of Sir E. Bumper, who brought him a very handsome fortune, which was strictly settled on herself. They lived in splendid style, kept several carriages, a house in town, and a place in the country. For some reason or other, idleness or to please his lady's pride, he resigned his appointment. His father died and left him nothing; indeed, he seemed at that time very handsomely provided for."

Very soon Mr. and Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy began to disagree. She was cold, correct--he was hot and random. He was quite dependent on her, and she made him feel it. When he began to get into debt, he came to me. At length some shocking quarrel occurred; some case of jealousy on the wife's side, not without reason, I believe; and the end of it was, Mr. Fitz-Roy was turned out of doors. The house was his wife's, the furniture was his wife's, and the fortune was his wife's--he was in fact her pensioner. He left with a few hundred pounds ready money, and some personal jewelry, and went to a hotel.

On these and credit he lived. Being illegitimate, he had no relations; being a fool, when he spent his money he lost his friends. The world took his wife's part, when they found she had the fortune, and the only parties who interfered were her relatives, who did their best to make the quarrel incurable. To crown all, one night he was run over by a cab, was carried to a hospital, and lay there for months, and was, during several weeks of the time, unconscious. A message to the wife by the hands of one of his debauched companions, sent by a humane surgeon, obtained an intimation that "if he died, Mr. Croak, the undertaker to the family, had orders to see to the funeral," and that Mrs. Molinos was on the point of starting for the Continent, not to return for some years. When Fitz-Roy was discharged, he came to me limping on two sticks to pawn his court suit, and told me his story. I was really sorry for the fellow, such a handsome, thorough-bred looking man. He was going then into the west somewhere, to try to hunt out a friend. "What to do, Balance," he said, "I don't know. I can't dig, and unless somebody will make by their gamekeeper, I must starve, or beg, as my Jeezabel bade me when we parted."

"I lost sight of Molinos for a long time, and when I next came upon him it was in the Rookery of Westminster, in a low lodging house, where I was searching with an officer for stolen goods. He was pointed out to me as the "gentleman cadger," because he was so free with his money when in luck. He recognized me, but turned away then. I have since seen him, and relieved him more than once, although he never asks for anything. How he lives, Heaven knows. Without money, without friends, without useful education of any kind, he tramps the country as you saw him, perhaps doing a little hop picking or hay making, in season, only happy when he obtains the means to get drunk. I have heard through the kitchen whispers, that you know come to me, that he is entitled to some property; and I expect if he were to die his wife would pay the hundred pound bill I hold; at any rate, what I have told you I know to be true, and the bundle of rags I relieved just now is known in every thieves' lodging in England as the "gentleman cadger."

This story produced an impression upon me--I am fond of speculation, and like the excitement of a legal hunt, as much as some do a fox chase. A gentleman a beggar, a white rolling in wealth, rumors of unknown property due to the husband, it seemed as if there were pickings for me amidst this carion of pauperism.

Before returning from Liverpool, I had purchased the gentleman beggar's acceptance of Balance. I then inserted in the "Times" the following advertisement: *Horatio Molinos Fitz-Roy*. This gentleman will apply to David Discount, Esq., Solicitor, St. James, he will hear of something to his advantage. Any person furnishing Mr. F.'s correct address, shall receive £1 is reward. He was last seen, &c. Within twenty-four hours I had ample proof of the wide circulation of the "Times." My office was besieged with beggars of every degree, men and women, lame and blind, Irish, Scotch and English, some on crutches, some in bowls, some in go-carts. They all knew him as the "gentleman," and I must do the regular fraternity of tramps the justice to say, that not one would answer the question until he made certain that I meant the "gentleman" no harm.

One evening about three weeks after the appearance of the advertisement, my clerk announced "another beggar." There came in an old man, leaning upon a staff, clad in a soldiers great coat, all patched and torn, with a battered hat, from under which a mass of tangled hair fell over his shoulders and half concealed his face. The beggar in a weak, wheezy, hesitating tone, said, "You have advertised for Molinos Fitz-Roy. I hope you don't mean him any harm, he is sunk, I think, too low for emity now; and surely no one would sport with such misery as his." These last words were uttered in a sort of piteous whisper.

I answered quickly, "Heaven forbid that I should sport with misery; I mean and hope to do him good as well as myself."

"Then, sir, I am Molinos Fitz-Roy."

While we were conversing candles had been brought in. I have not very tender nerves--my head would not agree with them--but I own I started and shuddered when I saw and knew that the wretched

creature before me was under thirty years of age, and once a gentleman. Sharp, aquiline features, reduced to literal skin and bone, were begrimed and covered with dry fair hair, the white teeth of the half open mouth chattered with eagerness, and made more hideous the fool pallor of the rest of his countenance. As he stood leaning on a staff half bent, his long, yellow, bony fingers clasped over the crutch head of the stick, he was indeed a picture of misery, famine, squalor, and premature age, too horrible to dwell upon. I made him sit down, and sent for some refreshment which he devoured like a ghoul; and set to work to unravel his story. It was difficult to keep him to the point; but with pains I learned what convinced me that he was entitled to some property, whether great or small there was no evidence. On parting, I said, "Now, Mr. F., you must stay in town while I make proper inquiries. What allowance will be enough to keep you comfortably?"

He answered humbly, after much pressing, "Would you think ten shillings too much?"

I don't like, if I do those things at all, to do them shabbily, so I said, "Come every Saturday and you shall have a pound." He was profuse in thanks, of course, as all such men are as long as distress lasts. I had previously learned that my ragged client's wife was in England, living in a splendid house in Hyde Park Gardens, under her maiden name. On the following day the Earl of Owing called upon me, wanted five thousand pounds by five o'clock the same evening. It was a case of life or death with him, so I made my terms, and took advantage of his pressure to execute a *coup de main*. I proposed that he should drive me home to receive the money, calling at Mrs. Molinos in Hyde Park Gardens, on our way. I knew that the carouet and liveries of his father, the marquis, would insure me an audience with Mrs. Molinos Fitz-Roy.

My scheme answered. I was introduced into the lady's presence. She was, and probably is, a very stately, handsome woman, with a pale complexion, high solid forehead, regular features, thin pinched, self-satisfied mouth. My interview was very short. I plunged in the affair, but had scarcely mentioned the word husband, when she interrupted me with, "I presume you have lent this profligate person money, and want me to pay you." She paused and then said, "He shall have a farthing." As she spoke, her white face became scarlet.

"But, madam, the man is starving. I have strong reasons for believing he is entitled to property, and if you refuse any assistance, I must take other measures." She rang the bell, wrote something rapidly on a card; and as the footman appeared, pushed it towards me across the table, with the air of touching a toad, saying, "There, sir, is the address of my solicitors; apply to them if you think you have any claim. Robert, show the person out, and take care he is not admitted again."

So far I had effected nothing; and, to tell the truth, felt rather crestfallen under the influence of the grand manner peculiar to certain great ladies and all great actresses.

My next visit was to the attorneys, Messrs. Leasem and Fashum, of Lincoln's Inn Square, and there I was at home. I had had dealings with the firm before. They are agents for half the aristocracy, who always run in crowds like sheep after the same wine merchants, the same architects, the same horse dealers, and the same law agents. It may be doubted whether the quality of law and land managements they get on this principle is equal to their wine and horse sales. At any rate, my friends in Lincoln's Inn, like others of the same class, are distinguished by their courteous manners, deliberate proceedings, innocence of legal technicalities, long credit, heavy charges. Leasem, the elder partner, wears powder and a huge bunch of seals, lives in Queen Square, drives a brougham, gives the dinners and does the cordial department. He is so strict in performing the latter duty, that he once addressed a poacher who had shot a duke's keeper as "my dear creature," although he afterwards hung him.

Fashum has chambers in St. James street, drives a cab, wears a tip, and does the grand ha ha style.

My business lay with Leasem. The interviews and letters passing were numerous. However, it came at last to the following dialogue: "Well, my dear Mr. Discount," began Mr. Leasem, who hates me like poison, "I'm really very sorry for that poor dear Molinos--knew

his father well; a great man, a perfect gentleman; but you know what woman are, eh, Mr. Discount? My client won't advance a shilling; she knows it would only be wasted in low dissipation. Now don't you think (this was said very insinuatingly)--don't you think he had better be sent to the workhouse; very comfortable accommodations there, I can assure you--meat twice a week, and excellent soup; and then, Mr. D., we might consider about allowing you something for that bill."

"Mr. Leasem, can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such an arrangement? Here's a wife rolling in luxury, and a husband starving!"

"No, Mr. Discount, no starving; there is the work house, as I observed before; besides, allow me to suggest that these appeals to feelings are quite unprofessional--quite unprofessional."

"But, Mr. Leasem, touching this property which the poor man is entitled to."

"Why, there again, Mr. D., you must excuse me; you really must--I don't say he is; I don't say he is not. If you know he is entitled to property, I am sure you know how to proceed; the law is open to you, Mr. Discount--the law is open; and a man of your talent will know how to use it."

"Then, Mr. Leasem, you mean that I must, in order to right this starving man, file a bill of discovery, to extract from you the particulars of his rights. You have the marriage settlement and all the information; the man is to starve, or go to the workhouse."

"Why, Mr. D., you are so quick and violent, it really is not professional; but you see (here a subdued smile of triumph) it has been decided that a solicitor is not bound to afford such information to the injury of his client."

"Then you mean that this poor Molinos may rot and starve, while you keep secret from him, at his wife's request, his title to an income, and that the Court of Chancery will back you in this iniquity?"

I kept repeating the word "starve," because I saw it made my respectable opponent wince.

"Well, then, just listen to me. I know that in the happy state of your equity law, chancery can't help my client; but I have another plan; I shall go hence to my office, issue a writ, and take your client's husband in execution--as soon as he is lodged in jail, I shall file his schedule in the Insolvent Court, and when he comes up for his discharge, I shall put you in the witness-box, and examine you on oath, touching any property of which you know the insolvent to be possessed; and where will be your privileged communications then?"

The respectable Leasem's face lengthened in a twinkling, his comfortable confident air vanished, he ceased twiddling his gold chain, and at length, he muttered,

"Suppose we pay the debt!"

"Why then I'll arrest him the day after for another."

"But, my dear Mr. Discount, surely such conduct would not be quite respectable."

"That's my business; my client has been wronged, I am determined to right him, and when the aristocratic firm of Leasem and Fashum takes refuge according to the custom of respectable repudiators, in the cool arbors of the Court of Chancery, why, a mere bill-discounting attorney like David Discount need not hesitate about cutting a bloody one out of the Insolvent Court."

"Well, well, Mr. D., you are so warm--so fiery; we must deliberate--we must consult. You will give me until the day after to-morrow, and then we'll write you our final determination; in the meantime, send us a copy of your authority to act for Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy."

Of course, I lost no time in getting the gentleman beggar to sign a proper letter.

On the appointed day came a communication with the L. and F. seal, which I opened, not without unprofessional eagerness. It was as follows:

In re Molinos Fitz-Roy and Another.
"Sir--In answer to your application on behalf of Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy, we beg to inform you that under the administration of a paternal aunt who died intestate, your client is entitled to two thousand five hundred pounds eight shillings and sixpence, Three per Cent.; one thousand five hundred pounds nineteen shillings and fourpence, Three per Cent.; Reduced; one thousand pounds, Long Annuities; five hundred pounds, Bank Stocks; three thousand five hundred pounds, India Stock; besides other securities, making up about ten thousand pounds,

which we are prepared to transfer over to Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy's direction forthwith."

Here was a windfall! It quite took away my breath. As dusk came my gentleman, and what puzzled me was, how to break the news to him. Being very much overwhelmed with business that day, I had not much time for consideration. He came in rather better dressed than when I first saw him, with only a week's beard on his chin; but as usual, not quite sober. Six weeks had elapsed since our interview. He was still the humble, trembling, low-voiced creature, I first knew him.

After a prelude, I said, "I find, Mr. F., you are entitled to something; pray, what do you mean to give me in addition to my bill, for obtaining it?" He answered rapidly, "Oh, take half; if there is one hundred pounds, take half; if there is five hundred pounds, take half."

"No, no, Mr. F., I don't do business in that way, I shall be satisfied with ten per cent."

It was so settled. I then led him out into the street, impelled to tell him the news, yet dreading the effect; not daring to make the revelation in my office, for fear of a scene.

I began hesitatingly, "Mr. Fitz-Roy, I am happy to say that I find you are entitled to . . . ten thousand pounds!"

"Ten thousand pounds?" he echoed. "Ten thousand pounds?" he yelled, seizing my arm violently. "You are a brick. Here, cab! cab!" Several drove up--the shout might have been heard a mile off. He jumped in the first.

"Where to?" said the driver.

"To a tailor's, you rascal!"

"Ten thousand pounds! ha, ha, ha!" he repeated hysterically, when in the cab; and every moment grasping my arm. Presently he subsided, looked me straight in the face, and muttered with agonizing fervor,

"What a filthy brick you are!"

The tailor, the hosier, the boot-maker, the hair dresser, were in turn visited by this poor pagan of externals. As, by degrees, under their hands, he emerged from the beggar to the gentleman, his spirits rose; his eyes brightened, he walked erect, but always nervously grasping my arm; fearing, apparently, to lose sight of me for a moment, lest his fortune should vanish with me. The impatient pride with which he gave his orders to the astonished tradesmen for the first and best of everything, and the amazed air of the fashionable hair-dresser when he presented his matted locks and stubble chin, to be "cut and shaved," may be acted--it cannot be described.

By the time the external transformation was complete, I sat down in a Cafe in the Haymarket, opposite a haggard but handsome, thorough bred looking man, whose air with the exception of the wild eyes and deeply browned face, did not differ from the stereotyped men about town, sitting around us, Mr. Molinos Fitz-Roy had already almost forgotten the past, he bullied the waiter, and criticised the wine, as if he had done nothing else but dine and drink and scold all the days of his life.

The next day, his first care was to distribute fifty pounds among his friends the cadgers; a house of call in Westminster; and formally to dissolve his connection with them; those present undertaking for the "fraternity," that, for the future, he should never be noticed by them in public or private.

I can not follow his career much further. Adversity had taught him nothing. He was soon again surrounded by the well-bred vampires who had forgotten him when penniless; but they amused him, and that was enough. The ten thousand pounds were rapidly melting when he invited me to a grand dinner at Richmond, which included a dozen of the most agreeable, good-looking, well-dressed, dandies of London, interspersed with a display of pretty butterfly bonnets. We dined deliciously, and drank as men do of iced wines in the dog days--looking down from Richmond Hill.

One of the pink bonnets crowned Fitz-Roy with a wreath of flowers; he looked--less the intellect--as handsome as Alcibiades. Intensely excited and flushed, he rose with a champagne glass in his hand to propose my health.

The oratorical powers of his father had not descended on him. Jerking out sentences by spasms; at length he said, "I was a beggar--I am a gentleman--thanks to this--"

Here he leaned on my shoulder heavily a moment, and then fell back. We raised him, loosened his neck-cloth--

"Fainted!" said the ladies.

"Drunk!" said the gentleman.

He was DEAD.

Muscular Strength.

The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish Porter will trot a rapid pace, and carry a weight of 800 pounds. Milo a celebrated Athletic of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulder an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympian. He presented himself the seventh time but no one had courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength that learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the whole roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots, and break it. He partially effected it, his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree, whose cleft, united, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone, and unable to disengage himself, died in that position.

Haller mentions that he saw a man, whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet. Augustus II., King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse shoe asunder. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium of water that would carry him around the world in less than a fortnight; and a sword fish has been known to strike his weapon through the plank of a ship.

RAILROAD LITTING.—The friends of our Railroad, among whom may be reckoned almost every citizen of this and Jackson county, will be gratified to see by an advertisement in today's paper that it has been determined to put a portion of it under contract on the 1st of January--a most suspicious mode of beginning the new year. In taking this step, the directors are acting for the best interests of the company and in accordance with the unanimous expression of public sentiment. They merit it and will receive the thanks of community for the vigorous course they have pursued in this important enterprise.--*Porta Eng.*

Hospital Destroyed by Fire--Great Loss of Life.

Acosta, Maine, Nov. 4.
The Hospital for insane persons was destroyed by fire this morning, and it is supposed twenty Lunatics perished in the flames. The fire originated from defects in the chimney. The Lunatics gave the alarm as soon as the fire was discovered, but the keepers, supposing the noise to be their accustomed savings, gave no heed until they discovered that the building was filling with smoke.

LATER.

Boston, Dec. 4th.—A dispatch received from Augusta, dated at 11 o'clock this morning, says half the asylum was destroyed and the remainder was in serious jeopardy. The number that perished is unknown, but it is estimated at from ten to twelve. The female gallery had been cleared without loss of life. The Hospital contained 125 inmates, half of whom were males, and were in the gallery where the fire is now raging.

A dispatch dated 12 o'clock, says the fire is believed to be suppressed. One wing and the central building were mostly saved.

Late from Porto Rico.

New York, Dec. 4th.
The brig *Narictac* arrived this morning, bringing advices from Porto Rico to 16th November. The only intelligence of moment was that the inhabitants of Ponce were in continual perturbation, in anticipation of a hostile visit from Gen. Lopez. A report was in circulation that he was in the vicinity of the island at the head of an armed expedition. As soon as the rumor gained credence the Governor ordered out all the troops and organized the citizens into companies, and patrolled them on the wharves to repel the anticipated invasion.

Luck.—A Moyamensing Magistrate has lately drawn a prize of \$5,000. This will probably induce other Moyamensing worthies to try their luck, and in turn hand back twice that amount.